

DEER STALKING.

R.F.B.





Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

Dear Stalking
R. F. B.



"Spying the High Corries."



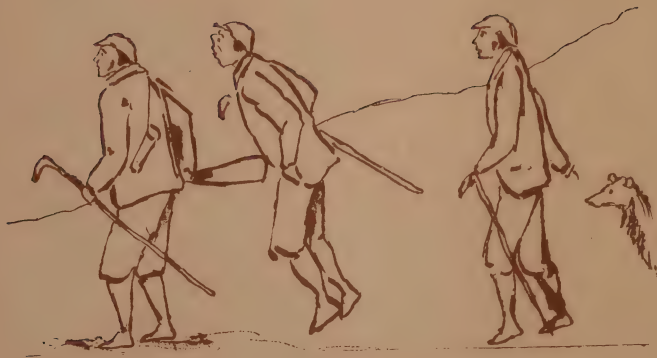
"Spying down the Brae."



Not a Beast to be seen 'We'll tak'a smoke'



We may be moving



"I got sight of a Beast!! hst"



Keep down your head



There's a nasty hind looking very sharp



I shall never get over



Will mak' out if the wind keep right'



"I hope we shall



He's there yet"



Hers a middling good beast, he has a suspencion



Better just tak' him as he is.



Oh! Keep the glass on him



I heard the bullet give



bit knap, quite veesable



'Come away. He's in sight yet'.



"O! yes I'm coming."



Come on, he lie down!!



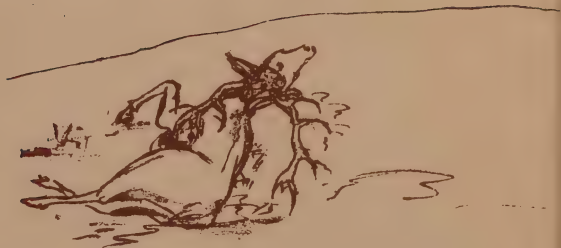
All Right 'so glad!



give him



Another shot







"Here's more Blood"



Here's the Bullet.

Highland Games
R. F. B.



Northern Meeting
Tossing the Caber



Throwing the Hammer.



Preparing to Swing.



Swinging round



Faster!



I maun let him away soon!



Can I let him go?.



"He's clean awa noo."



The Perfomer.



The Hammer.

30 yards!





